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## INVALIDS.

By MRS LYNN LINTON.

WITH sickness, as with everything else in life, the same state has different manifestations, and the 'so many men so many minds' is an adage which proves itself true at every turn. There are invalids and invalids, as there are sinners and sinners—saints and saints; and some of them are beautiful and pathetic, and others are unlovely and rasping. There is the patient invalid who does not lose strength in fretfulness, in self-pity, or in disobedience to the nurse and doctor—the invalid who recognises that certain element of Necessity in his sickness, and who, now that he is laid by the heels by disease, waits tranquilly till he is rescued by science and restored once more to health. This is the ideal invalid, and the one, moreover, who not only gives his care-takers the least trouble but also gives himself the best chance. Never down-hearted; never recalcitrant; doing as he is told—believing that experts know better than himself; waiting patiently, as one who is in a storm at sea stands by in silence, letting the captain command, and obeying orders as they come to him—this invalid is he of whom his care-takers say fondly: 'He gives no trouble, poor lamb, and is as easy to wait on as a child.' And this is the invalid who gets well—save when the very citadel is attacked, and then he lowers his flag and opens the Great Gates when resistance is in vain, yielding with the same brave constancy as that which had heartened him to the fight, and sinking into the arms of death as placidly as he had done his best to escape for yet a little while longer.

How different from him is that furious, fighting, intractable invalid who will not allow himself to be controlled, and who despises his physician as heartily as he rates his nurse! He calls the medical profession generally 'humbug;' and medical practitioners are 'those fellows.' When he falls sick, however, he sends for one of those fellows and pays him grudgingly his

fee; but the chances are he refuses to take the medicines prescribed or to follow the regimen ordained, and he winds up by saying testily: 'Those fellows know nothing about it!' Not necessarily an unkind man, he is a perfectly detestable invalid—tyrannical, testy, ungrateful, impracticable. His temper is so bad and his ways are so irritating that his very pain does not command the sympathy which else would be given to it. You are sorry, of course, that he suffers as he must, but why is he such a demon to that nice nurse of his?—why does he allow himself to be the prey of such degrading suspicions?—why is he such a fool as to disobey his doctor on the plea that he knows as much as that other, and that 'as much' means nothing? His illness has not touched his brain in other matters. Only in all that concerns himself and his malady does he 'carry on' like a maniac, and act with such want of common-sense and ordinary good-feeling as excuses the want of sympathy in his *entourage*. Such an invalid as this, man or woman, is the typical 'handful.' Do what you will you cannot do the thing that is right, and you are hourly accused of doing wilfully the thing that is wrong. Small wonder, then, if the trained nurses who come as they are sent go back to their headquarters at the double. It is a task beyond their powers to tend that roaring, furious, leonine invalid, who rails at them in between the spasms of pain as though they were the familiars of the Inquisition wilfully racking and pressing him—who accuses them of every crime from drunkenness to peculation, and who will do nothing he or she is told to do, nor allow them to do what they ought. No wonder, indeed! Human nature has its limits even in a professional nurse, and sympathy has its low-water mark when it flows no more. And an invalid of this kind suffers not only more than need have been, in actual pain and discomfort, but also in the loss of that soothing grace of human compassion and friendly sympathy which does something for the sick, if not all nor yet even much.

Then there are nopy invalids who frighten

themselves by their own fears, and who exaggerate their symptoms as much as a mountain mist exaggerates the things it covers. If they have a cold, they have bronchitis, pneumonia, laryngitis, and who knows what besides. If they are feverish, they are in for some awful turn of which typhus is the most general bugbear. If they have a rash produced by transient indigestion, it is eczema at the least and scarlet fever at the worst, and they are always going to die. They sit in the dark, or they lie in bed for ailments to which a robust moral nature would give no heed whatever; and they send for the doctor to cure a malady which a day's abstinence from wine and meat, or a simple 'cooling draught' in the morning, would banish as surely as the wind sweeps away the fog. They are the most doleful creatures in existence, and the wonder is how they care to live wrapped up as they are in the wet-blanket of their own fearful imaginings. These are also among the difficult patients to nurse when they are really ill. They are so miserably certain that the Grim King has them in his clutches there is no heartening them up to make an effort. They might, but they will not. They are like people with their eyes shut, who cannot find the door because they will not open their closed lids and see. And, indeed, these people do really often die just for want of that effort. They let themselves sink into the Slough of Despond, and they are smothered because they will not struggle out of the morass when they might.

Opposite to them are the breezy, gallant, never-say-die fellows, who laugh and joke when at the last gasp, and do not recognise that they are in any danger even when they are *in extremis*. They, too, are in their own way difficult patients to deal with. They will not submit to necessary restrictions, not from the 'cussedness' of those furious lions and tigers and bedridden hyenas who snarl and growl and snap from between the sheets, but from the overflowing froth of their champagne-like spirits—the irrepressible buoyancy of their temperament. They cannot believe that anything serious ails them. It is a temporary inconvenience, and they will soon turn the corner, and be rattling along the broad and sunny highway as usual. Their jocund temper never seems to flag—their bubbling hopes never grow flat. They good-humouredly neglect precautions—laughingly disobey injunctions—miss their medicine with a jest—declare themselves fit as fiddles when they are nothing better than a set of broken panpipes—maintain that they are convalescent when they are practically moribund. They have been known to die with a jest on their lips—a jest more full of fun and less bitter at the edges than Rabelais' famous: 'Lower the curtain—the farce is played out.' But though the exuberance of their jollity is at times embarrassing to their care-takers, and often hurtful to themselves, it is better than the overflowing melancholy of the weak-spirited, who give themselves up to death and despair if their finger aches or their eyes smart.

The affected invalid who gives herself up to æstheticism and the muses—posturing as a kind of diaphanous priestess of delicacy to whom rude health is synonymous with vulgarity—she contrasts pretty forcibly with her careless sister, who

makes the inevitable unpleasantnesses of invalidism more unpleasant still by her indifference to beauty and even to seamliness. We may go too far in the more refined way, and overload the sick-bed with artistic fal-lals as we may overload an apple-tart with sugar and spice; but it is almost easier to go too far in the contrary direction, and to smother the very shadow of the graces under the knitted woollen shawls and rough flannel jackets of a careless woman's hideous invalid attire. Between the extreme of one of these diaphanous priestesses, who bound her crimped and well-dressed hair with a diamond fillet and decked herself with roses as for a ball, the while she lay on her bed of suffering, draped with lace and satin—and the extreme of that other whose towzelled locks were all in disorder about her face, and whose gray woollen shawl was eloquent of linseed meal and mustard, there is surely a mean. And that golden mean will be found the best for all the working purposes of a sick-room, as indeed for every other place and purpose. Less pranked and more simple than the one, the invalid who has hit the golden mean is more careful and less ungraceful than the other. If her sick-bed is not as a garden of roses, and she herself not like a princess busked for a ball, she takes care that her invalidism shall be robbed of all repulsive features, and that it shall possess its own appropriate beauty. She has flowers in rational quantity, and books and pretty trifles to please the eye and soothe the senses. She is dressed with taste and care, and her chosen colours are suggestive of freshness. She is not overlaid with perfume, but there is perfume through all the room. She wears no jewels; her hair is not filleted with diamonds, nor crimped and curled as for a ball; but neither is it lying in tumbled elf-locks over the pillow, and hanging in stray wisps about her face. Nor, again, does she give herself up to friends as a show they come to see; nor repel them when they do come by either her monstrous affectation on the one side, or her revolting carelessness on the other. She is Herself in her sick-room as she is Herself in her drawing-room; but the places and their appropriate furniture are different, and she does not seek to bring the one into the other.

Again, there are invalids who, when they have to give up active life for a time, give up everything connected with the family—things which yet are well within their power to direct if not to look after. They retire to their beds, perhaps on small provocation, and there lose the thread of active life, as if there were no world beyond their own four-poster. The house may manage itself for all the care they take that it shall go on as usual in the accustomed groove. The husband must take care of himself, and the children must manage in the best way they can. The invalid has washed her hands of all responsibility, at least for the time, and she is too ill to be worried. As she is often too ill to be worried, things in that house are not infrequently at a dead-lock, and comfort is one of the lost arts. By-and-by it begins to be whispered that the lady's illnesses are but cloaks to hide her indolence—euphemisms for her selfishness—and that she is no more ill than she is insane. Her sister, poor dear, is a real invalid—but then her sister directs her household

from her sick-bed just as she does when on her feet; and the pain of her illness falls only on herself—her husband, her children, and her household do not suffer. And here again, as everywhere in life, unselfish consideration for others and strict regard for duty override conditions and redeem what else would be failures, making even invalidism less a hindrance than a pathetic kind of beauty, and robbing it of all its practical disabilities.

# MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—THE 'LADY BLANCHE.'

So light was the breeze, that it was drawing on to ten o'clock in the morning before the approaching vessel lay plain on the sea. Long before this, I had made her out to be a square-rigged craft, and sometimes I would imagine that she was the corvette, and sometimes that she was the *Countess Ida*. It had been a time of breathless expectation, of crushing suspense. Again and again had I mounted the rigging to make sure that she had not shifted her course, and was edging away from us. Again and again had I run my eyes round the sea with a passionate prayer in my heart that the wind might hold; for if it shifted, we stood to lose the ship; and if it fell, the calm might last all day, with the prospect of another black night before us and a deserted ocean at daybreak.

But now, drawing on to this hour of ten, the hull of the vessel had risen to its bends, and though I might be certain of nothing else, it was absolutely sure that the stranger was neither the *Magicienne* nor the *Countess Ida*. She had puzzled me greatly for a considerable time; for even when her fore-course had fairly lifted she yet seemed to be rising more canvas. But by this hour I could distinguish. She was a small vessel, painted white—whether barque or ship I could not then tell. She had studdingsails out and skysails set, and showed as an airy delicate square of pearl; and indeed I might have believed that she was the Indiaman for that reason, until her snow-white body came stealing out to the stare I fixed upon her, and then I looked at Miss Temple.

Her sight for seafaring details was not mine. She was trembling as she said: 'Which ship is she, Mr Dugdale?'

'Neither,' I answered.

'Neither!' she cried.

'Do not you observe that yonder craft has a white hull, and that she is a small ship?—But what does it matter? She is bound to see us. She will rescue us; and let the future be what it may, our one consuming need now is to quit this hull.'

She had so reckoned upon the stranger proving either the corvette or the Indiaman, that, had the approaching craft been no more than a

mirage, had the fabric melted upon the air as we watched it, she could not have looked more blank, more wildly and hopelessly disappointed.

'Neither!' she repeated, breathing with difficulty.—'Oh, Mr Dugdale, what are we to do?'

'Why, get on board of her, in the name of God,' I cried—'giving Him thanks when we are there.'

'But she may—she will be'—she paused, unable to articulate: then with an effort: 'She may be going to another part of the world.'

'It matters not,' I answered, observing with rapture that the vessel was heading more directly for us; 'she will put us aboard something homeward bound.—Will not that be better than stopping here, Miss Temple?'

'Oh yes, oh yes!' she cried; 'but if we waited a little, the Indiaman might find us.'

'Heaven forbid! we have waited long enough.'

So speaking, I rushed forward, picked up the handspike with which I had beaten upon the fore-castle wall, secured a blanket to it, and dancing aft, fell to flourishing it with all my might. Very slowly the vessel came floating down upon us with a light swaying of her trucks from side to side, and a tender twinkling of the folds of her lower canvas, which there was not weight enough in the wind to hold distended. Her hull was exceedingly graceful, and of a milky whiteness; and as she leaned from us on some wide fold of the breathing waters, she exposed a hand's-breadth of burnished copper, which put a wonderful quality of beauty and delicacy into the whole fabric, as though she were a little model in frosted silver.

'Before she takes us on board, Mr Dugdale,' exclaimed Miss Temple, 'will not you mount the rigging to see if there is another ship in sight that may prove the Indiaman?'

'But even if the Indiaman were in sight,' said I, 'we should seize this the first of our opportunities to escape from this floating tomb. For heaven's sake, let us get aboard that fellow!'

As I spoke, I seized the handspike again and frantically flourished it. All this while there was a column of smoke ascending steadily from my fire of rugs and mats and darkening the sea over the starboard bow, heading as the wreck was. I was now able to make out that the coming craft was a barque. My eyes were glued to her; my heart thumped furiously; the wildest alternations of joy and dread seized me. Suppose she should prove some foreigner in charge of a man indifferent to human life, some cold-blooded miscreant who had shifted his helm merely to satisfy his curiosity, and who, on perceiving that the smoke was no more than a signal, and that the wreck floated high, should slide quietly on and leave us to our fate? Such things had been; such things were again and again happening. As she drew with a snail-like motion abreast without touching a brace, without any signs of movement about her deck, my eyes turned dim; I feared I was about to swoon.

'Will she not stop, Mr Dugdale?' exclaimed Miss Temple in a voice of terror.

Lifting the handspike with its fluttering blanket high above my head, I waved it furiously for some moments, then flinging it down upon the deck, applied my hands to the sides of my mouth, and in a voice of such energy that it came near to cracking every vein in my head, I yelled: 'Barque ahoy! For God's sake, send a boat and take us off.'

As the words left my throat, the vessel's helm was put down; the clew of the mainsail mounted, and her topsail yard slowly revolved, bringing every cloth upon the main aback, and in a few minutes the graceful little craft was lying without way within speaking distance of us.

In the violence of my transport, I grasped Miss Temple's hand, and again and again pressed my lips to it, congratulating her and myself so, for I had no words. The figures of the people were clearly visible: a row of heads forward, the fellow at the wheel on a short raised deck, and two men dressed in white clothes with large straw hats at the mizzen rigging. One of them leisurely clambered on to the rail and holding by one hand to a backstay sang out:

'Wreck ahoy! How many are there of you?'

'Two of us only,' I shouted back; 'this lady and myself.'

'Any contagious sickness?'

'No, no,' I bawled, amazed by the question. 'Pray, send a boat.'

He continued to stand, as though viewing us meditatively; then: 'Wreck ahoy!'

'Hallo!' I cried, scarcely able to send my voice owing to the consternation excited in me by the man's behaviour.

'Are you a sailor?' he roared.

'Oh, say yes, say yes!' cried Miss Temple; 'he may be in want of men.'

'Ay, ay,' I cried; 'I'm a sailor.'

'What sort of sailor?'

'I belonged to an Indianman.'

'Afore the mast?'

'No, no! send a boat—I'll tell you all about it.'

He descended from the rail and apparently addressed the man that stood near, who walked to the companion-hatch and returned with a telescope; the other took it from him, then knelt down to rest the glass on the rail, and surveyed us through the lenses for at least a couple of minutes, after which he rose, returned the glass to his companion and flourished his hand at us. I watched, utterly unable to guess what was next to happen. My fears foreboded the departure of the barque, and the impatience in me worked like madness in my blood. But mercifully we were not to be kept long in this intolerable state of suspense. A few minutes after the man, whom I supposed to be the captain, had motioned to us with his arm, a number of sailors came to the davits at the foremost extremity of the raised afterdeck, where swung a small white boat of a whaling pattern. Four of them entered her, and she sank slowly to the water's edge, where she was promptly freed from the tackles, and three oars thrown over. The fellow in the stern sheets was the man who had handed the glass to the other. The oarsmen

pulled swiftly, and in a very short time the little craft was alongside.

'Only two of ye, is it?' said the fellow who grasped the tiller, a short, square, sun-blackened, coarse-looking sailor.

'Only two,' I cried.

'Any luggage?'

'No,' I answered.

'Nothen portable aboard worth carrying off, is there?'

'Yes,' I answered, cursing him in my heart for the delay these questions involved; 'there are several hams, bottles of fine wine, cheeses, and the like below.'

'Odds niggers! we'll have 'em then,' he exclaimed; and in an instant he was in the wreck's chains, wriggling over the side and calling to one of his fellows to follow him. They hung in the wind a moment, staring their hardest at Miss Temple and myself; then said the short square man in white: 'Where be the goods, master?'

I pointed to the hatch in the deckhouse, and directed them to what I called the pantry. But nothing could have induced me to leave the deck. As they disappeared I stepped to the side where the bulwarks were gone.

'Bring the boat close under, my lads,' I exclaimed to the two fellows in her, 'and stand by to receive the lady.'

The hull was rolling very gently, with just enough of depression to render a jump into the little fabric as it rose very easy and safe. 'Now, Miss Temple,' I cried. She sprang without an instant's hesitation, was caught by one of the sailors, and in a jiffy the pair of us were snug in the stern sheets side by side.

The two men could not take their eyes off us. They surveyed us with countenances of profound astonishment, running their gaze over Miss Temple as though she were some creature of another world: as well they might, indeed, seeing the contrast between the groaning mutilated smoking hull and this girl leaping from her deck in the choice and elegant attire of the highest fashion, as the two poor fellows would imagine—for what eye would they have for the disorder of her apparel?—and her hands, breast, and ears sparkling with jewels of value and splendour.

'Are ye English, sir?' said one of them, a middle-aged man, of a very honest cast of countenance, with minute eyes deep sunk in his head, and a pair of grayish whiskers uniting at his throat.

'Why, yes, to be sure,' I answered.

'The lady too, sir?'

'Yes, man, yes.—What ship are you?'

'The *Lady Blanche*,' he answered.

'Where bound?'

'To Mauritius, from the river Thames.'

I glanced at Miss Temple; but either she had not heeded the fellow's answer or her mind failed to collect its meaning.

'Been long aboard here, sir?' said the man, indicating the hull by a sideways motion of his head.

'Two nights,' I answered. 'There should be a corvette and an Indianman close at hand hereabouts. Have you met with either ship?'

'No, sir.'

'Sighted no sail at all?'

'Northern like un,' exclaimed the other sailor.



'Th' ocean's gone and growed into a Haffrican desert.'

The square man in white followed by his attendant seaman arrived at the side bearing between them a blanket loaded with the produce of the pantry, to judge by the clinking of bottle glass and the orbicular bulgings of cheeses and rounds of hams.

'Catch this here bundle now,' sung out the square man, who, later on, I ascertained was the barque's carpenter, acting also as the second mate. 'Handsomely over the bricks. It's wine, bullies.'

The blanket and its contents were received, and deposited in the bottom of the boat. The men entered her, and we shoved off.

'Did you make up that there fire, sir?' inquired the square man, bringing his eyes in a stare of astonishment from Miss Temple to myself.

'Yes: nobody else. This lady and I are alone.'

'Then you've set the bloomin' hull on fire,' said he.

I started, and sent a look at the column of smoke, at which I had never once glanced whilst lying alongside, so distracted was my attention by the multiplicity of emotions which surged in me. There was no need to gaze long to gather that more was going to the making of the coils of smoke which were now rising in soot than the nearly consumed remains of the mats and rugs which I had stacked and fed.

'The fire's burnt clean through the deck,' said the square man, 'and there are some casks in flames just forrads of the main hatch. What might they have contained, d'ye know?'

'I don't know,' I answered, trembling like a half-frozen kitten as I watched the smoke, and thought of what must have come to us if yonder barque's approach had been delayed!

'I suppose there'll be gunpowder aboard!' continued the square man.—'Pull, lads! If a bust-up happens, it'll find us too near at this.'

The men bent their backs, and the sharp-ended little boat went smoking through the quiet rippling waters. Nothing more was said. The square man, whose rugged, weather-blackened face preserved an inimitable air of amazement, eyed us askant, particularly running his gaze over Miss Temple's attire, and letting it rest upon her rings. The toil of the seamen kept them silent. For my part, I was too overcome to utter a word. The passion of delight excited by our deliverance—that is to say, as signified by our rescue by the barque—was paralysed by the horror with which I viewed the growing denseness of the smoke rising from the hull. She was on fire! What would have been our fate—without a boat—without the materials for the construction of a raft—with no more than a few staves of casks to hold by!—Such a sea-brigand as the wreck had been in her day was sure to have a liberal store of gunpowder stowed somewhere below: in all probability, in a magazine in the hold under her cabin. What, then, would there have been for us to do? We must either have sought death by leaping overboard, or awaited the horrible annihilation of an explosion!

Miss Temple's eyes were large and her lips

pale and her face bloodless, as though she were in a swoon. She was seeing how it was, and how it must have been with us, and she seemed smitten to the motionlessness of a statue by the perception as she sat by my side staring at the receding hull.

We swept to the little gangway ladder that had been dropped over the rail, and with some difficulty I assisted the girl over the side, swinging by the man-rope with one hand and supporting her waist with the other. The man who had hailed us stood at the gangway. I instantly went up to him with my hand outstretched.

'Sir,' said I, 'you are the captain, no doubt. I thank you for this deliverance, for this preservation of our lives, for this rescue from what *now* must have proved a horrible doom of fire.'

He took my hand and held it without answering, whilst he continued to stare at me with an intentness that in a very few moments astonished and embarrassed me.

'What is your name, sir?' he presently said.

'Laurence Dugdale,' I answered.

'Mate of an Indianman, I think you said, sir?'

'No,' I replied. 'I was for two years at sea in an Indianman as midshipman.'

He let fall my hand, and his face changed whilst he recoiled a step, meanwhile running his eyes from top to toe of me.

'A midshipman?' he exclaimed, with an accent of contempt. 'Why, a midshipman ain't a sailor! How long ago is it since you was a midshipman?'

'Six years,' I answered, completely bewildered by questioning of this sort at such a moment.

'Six years!' he cried, whilst his face grew longer still. 'Why, then, I don't suppose you'll even *know* what a quadrant means?'

'Certainly I know all about it,' I answered, with a half-glance at Miss Temple, who stood beside me listening to these questions in a torment of surprise and suspense.

'Are ye acquainted with navigation, then?' inquired the captain.

'Sufficiently well, I believe, to enable me to carry a ship to any part of the world,' I rejoined, controlling my rising temper, though I was sensible that there was blood in my cheeks and that my eyes were expressing my mood.

'Why, then, that's all right!' he cried, brightening up. 'You tell me you could find your way about with a sextant!'

'Yes, sir, I have told you so.'

'Why, then,' he roared, 'I'm glad to see ye! Welcome aboard the *Lady Blanche*, sir.—And you, mem, I am sure.' Here he pulled off his immense straw hat and gave Miss Temple an unspeakably grotesque bow.—'What have you got there?' he bawled to the square man.

'A blanket full of wines and cheeses and 'ams,' answered the man, who was helping to manœuvre the bundle inboards over the side.

'All right, all right!' shouted the captain. 'Now put 'em down, do, and get your boat hooked on and hoisted, d'ye hear? and get your topsail yard swung.—Why, who's been and set that wreck on fire?'

'The flare's burnt through her deck,' cried the square man in a surly tone, 'and I allow she'll be ablowing up in a few minutes.'

But she was too far distant to suffer this conjecture to alarm the captain.

'Let her blow up,' said he; 'there's room enough for her,' and then giving Miss Temple another convulsive bow, he invited us to step into the cabin.

This was a little stateroom under the short after-deck, and, with its bulkheaded berths abaft, a miniature likeness in its way of the *Countess Ida's* saloon. It was a cosy little place, with a square table amidships, a bench on either hand of it screwed to the deck, a flat skylight overhead, a couple of old-fashioned lamps, a small stove near to the trunk of the mizzen-mast, a rack full of tumblers, and so forth.

'Sit ye down, mem,' said the captain, pointing to a bench.—'Sir, be seated.—I heard Mr Lush just now talk of wines, and cheeses, and hams; but what d'ye say to a cut of boiled beef and a bottle of London stout? Drifting about in a wreck ain't wholesome for the soul, I believe; but I never heard that it affected the appetite.'

'You are very good,' I exclaimed; 'our food for the last three days has been no more than ship's bread and marmalade—poor fare for the lady, fresh from the comforts and luxuries of an Indian's cuddy.'

He went to the cabin-door and bawled; and a young fellow, whom I afterwards found out was his servant, came running aft. He gave him certain directions, then returned to the table, where he sat for a long two minutes first staring at me and then at Miss Temple without a wink of his eyes. I could see that my companion shrunk from this extraordinary silent scrutiny. I had never witnessed in any other human head such eyes as that fellow had. They were a deformity by their size, being about twice too big for the width and length of his face, of a deep ink-black, resembling discs of ebony gummed upon china. There was no glow, no mind in them, that I could distinguish, scarcely anything of vitality outside their preternatural capacity of staring, that was yet immeasurably heightened by the steadiness of the lids, which I never once beheld blinking. His face was long and yellow, closely shorn, and of an indigo blue down the cheeks, upon the chin, and upon the upper lip. He had a very long aquiline nose with large nostrils, which constantly dilated, as though he snuffed up rather than breathed the air. His eyebrows were extraordinarily thick, and met in a peculiar tuft in the indent of the skull above the nose; whilst his hair, black as his eyes, and smooth and gleaming as the back of a raven, lay combed over his ears down upon his back to the depth of a foot at the very least. He was dressed in a suit of white drill, the flowing extremities of his trousers rounding to his feet in the shape of the mouth of a bell, from which protruded a pair of long square-toed shoes of yellow leather. I should instantly have put him down as a Yankee but for his accent, that was Cockney beyond the endurance of a polite ear.

I broke into his intolerable scrutiny by asking him from what port his ship hailed; but he continued to stare at me in silence for some considerable time after I had made this inquiry. He then started, flourished a great red cotton pocket-handkerchief to his brow, and exclaimed: 'Sir, you spoke?'

I repeated the question.

'The *Lady Blanche* is owned at Hull,' said he; 'but we're from the Thames for Mauritius.—And what's your story? How came you and this beautiful lady aboard that hull? You're gentle-folks, I allow.—I see breeding in your hands, mem,' fixing his unwinking eyes upon her rings. 'You talk of an Indee-man. Let's have it all afore the boiled beef comes along.'

So saying, he hooked his thumbs in his waistcoat, brought his back against the table, and forking his long shanks out, sat in a posture of attention, keeping his amazing eyes bent on my face whilst I spoke. It did not take me very long to give him the tale. He listened without so much as a syllable escaping from him, and when I had made an end, he continued to gaze at me in silence.

'By what name shall I address you?' said Miss Temple.

He started as before, and answered: 'John Braine; Captain John Braine, mem; or call it Captain Braine; John's only in the road. That's my name, mem.'

She forced a smile, and said: 'Captain Braine, the *Countess Ida* cannot be far distant, and I have most earnestly to entreat you to seek her. I am sure she is to be found after a very short hunt. I have a dear relative on board of her, who will fret her heart away if she believes I am lost. All my luggage, too, is in that ship. My mother, Lady Temple, will most cheerfully pay any sum that may be asked for such trouble and loss of time as your search for the Indianman might occasion.'

I thought he meant to stare at her without answering; but after a short pause he exclaimed: 'The Indee-man's bound to Bombay, ain't she?—Well, we're a-navigating the same road she's taking. It is three days since you lost her; where'll she be now, then? That can only be known to the angels, which look down from a taller height than there's e'er a truck afloat that'll come nigh.—Now, mem, I might shift my hellum and dodge about for a whole fortnight and do no good. It would be the same as making up our minds to lose her. But by keeping all on as we are, there'll ne'er be an hour that won't hold inside of it a chance of our rising her on one bow or t' other.—See what I mean, mem? You're aboard of a barque with legs, as Jack says. Your Indee-man's had a three days' start; and if so be as she is to be picked up, I'll engage to have ye aboard of her within a week. But to dodge about in search of her—the Lord love 'ee, mem! The sea's too big for any sort of chiveying.'

'I am completely of Captain Braine's opinion,' said I, addressing Miss Temple, whose face was full of distress and dismay. 'It would be unreasonable to expect this gentleman to delay his voyage by a search that, in all human probability, must prove unprofitable. A hunt would involve the loss of our one chance of falling in with her this side the Cape.'

She clasped her hands and hung her head, but made no reply. The captain's servant entered at that moment with a tray of food, which he placed upon the table; and the skipper bidding us fall to and make ourselves at home in a voice as suggestive of the croak of a raven as was his hair of the plumage of that bird, stalked on to the deck,

where the sailors—who by this time had hoisted the boat and trimmed the barque's yards—were coiling down the gear and returning to the various jobs they had been upon before they had hove the ship to.

### WHAT IS AN ORCHID?

ONE sometimes hears the question, What is an Orchid? The questioner has possibly been to see 'Mr So-and-so's beautiful collection,' and wishes to know something more about them.

The prevailing impression about orchids is, that they are very rare, cost a great deal of money, and have flowers more or less like butterflies or some other insect. This last is so, no doubt, in some few cases; but, as we believe orchids are 'caviare to the general,' we propose to explain briefly what orchids are and where they are found.

These plants are more common in this country now than they were some years ago; but still comparatively few people know them as such when they see them. When first introduced, they were commonly called 'air-plants,' from the fact that they send out aerial roots which do not require any soil to cover them. The descriptions sent by those who had the good fortune to see them in their native habitat were to the effect that these plants grow on the branches of trees or on rocks, and send out roots into the air; that they require no soil to speak of, merely using the branches as supports, and binding themselves firmly by means of their strong roots. The roots do not penetrate into the tree itself, nor does the plant derive any nourishment therefrom—thus orchids are not parasites. The trees are generally more or less moss-grown, from the decay of which, and also from dead leaves, &c., the plants derive a part of their nourishment; the rest they obtain from the atmosphere and the moisture contained in it. It is true that the larger proportion of orchids do grow in this manner in their native state; but some grow in the ground, as do all the ordinary plants with which we are acquainted at home, and these have no aerial roots.

The Orchid family may be divided into two great classes: (1) Epiphytal Orchids, from two Greek words *epi*, upon, and *phytos*, a tree: all those which have aerial roots belong to this class. (2) Terrestrial Orchids—these grow in the ground, and have no aerial roots. All orchids have a bulb or tuber in which are stored up supplies of nourishment against the dry season; in fact, the name orchid is derived from the Greek *orchis*, a tuber. In the case of Epiphytal Orchids these tubers are called pseudo-bulbs or false bulbs. They are large, soft, and green, from the base and apex of which proceed the leaves and flowers. On the other hand, in Terrestrial Orchids the tubers are small and underground; sometimes they are replaced by a sort of rhizome or 'crown.'

The points of chief interest, however, about orchids are the flowers; they are of remarkable form, and have a higher organisation than any other flowers. We do not propose to treat the orchid flower scientifically; suffice it to say the reproductive organs are different from those of

any other flower, and the modes of fertilisation are intricate and wonderful. These have been studied by Darwin, who tells us that in certain species, only special insects have the power to convey the pollen masses to the stigmatic surface and fertilise the flower; so that if the insect by any means becomes extinct the orchid does not produce any seed, and in time becomes extinct also. This, be it remarked, is not the case with all species; but it is believed that no orchid can possibly fertilise itself.

Orchid flowers exhibit remarkable variation; in fact, it is difficult in some species to find two flowers exactly alike in size and colour. Some hybrid orchids have been raised by gardeners from plants under cultivation; but the process is extremely slow, as it takes years to get the seedlings to a flowering state. Some remarkable changes have been brought about in this country by means of cross-fertilisation; plants bearing flowers differing in some respects from either of the parents, and yet retaining a likeness to both, have been obtained.

The most prominent feature of an orchid flower is usually the labellum or lip. This is a modification of a petal, and is generally large and beautifully coloured, often having a colour quite different from the rest of the flower.

Some orchids produce flower-spikes bearing only one flower, some three or four, and a few even have hundreds of flowers on one branching spike: these last are indeed a magnificent sight when in bloom. Orchids last a much longer time in perfection than other flowers; some, indeed, remain months without any change. This is probably one reason why orchids are so much desired by amateurs for cultivation.

Orchids are found nearly all over the world, except in the highest latitudes. They are the most numerous in the tropics, and there the flowers are more gorgeous and highly coloured than those found in temperate countries, the latter being generally of a more sombre tint; as, indeed, is the case with other plants, and animals also. We have some orchids in England; there are a good many indigenous species, all of which belong to the Terrestrial group. The most common native species is the Purple Meadow Orchid, which we suppose every one knows.

Orchids are imported now in great numbers every year; but many die in transit, although not so many as formerly, because their nature is better understood. Most tropical orchids are subjected to a time of rest, when no growth takes place; this is during the dry season of the year, growth being made during the rains. This resting season is the proper time to collect them for shipment. Orchids which come from countries in which no definite dry season prevails are growing more or less all the year; these are more difficult to import in good condition.

We suppose few growers realise the difficulty, and sometimes the danger, attending orchid-hunting. The collectors are usually men of experience and botanical knowledge: they run considerable risk sometimes in order to reach new and unexplored ground, so that they may find and send home new kinds and rare varieties. Orchids, consequently, are expensive plants, and we think are likely to remain so, at any rate for some time. Orchid-hunters sometimes die of

fever or from accidents met with in the wild countries they visit; they are therefore able to command high salaries, and the cost of plants is proportionately dear.

Some orchids are found at very high elevations: on the Peruvian Andes they are common at eight to ten thousand feet, and some even grow at fourteen thousand feet altitude. Native labour has to be employed to gather them, and then they are conveyed to the seaports on mule-back; the process is consequently slow and tedious, so that it is a long time before they are placed under conditions favourable to growth again. In South America, the lasso is sometimes used to get the plants from high trees: it is thrown over the branches with a weight attached to the end of the cord, and then drawn down, thus scraping off the plants in numbers. Sometimes a whole tree is felled; but this is a very destructive method, as many thousand seedlings are sacrificed for a few large plants fit for exportation.

The rage for orchids is increasing; and when one considers the infinite variety of colour and form exhibited by the flowers of these plants, and the length of time they remain in perfection, one cannot wonder at the desire to grow them felt by all true lovers of flowers.

We have avoided all reference to details of cultivation and names of desirable species; all such information can be obtained in abundance from the gardening periodicals: there are also several books written specially on orchid culture. We can assure any one who wishes to grow them that they will repay any time and trouble spent in finding out their requirements. We grant they are somewhat dear; but small imported pieces can now be obtained at a moderately cheap rate, and, in our opinion, one orchid is worth many of the ordinary plants found in greenhouses.

### THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG.

A WESTERN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE RANSOM.'

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

WHEN the present century was still in its teens, Richard Sanborn, younger son of an ancient but withal poor family in a Midland shire, entered the service of the Honourable East India Company. Dick Sanborn was but a beardless boy, and left home with nought beside his father's blessing, a scanty wardrobe, and a fifty-pound note. Yes; he possessed an unlimited stock of ambition and energy.

Forty years later, Richard Sanborn returned to England with snowy locks and feeble knees. He was old, but he was also rich—even as men are counted rich in Bombay and Calcutta. In addition to his rupees he brought with him two lads—the elder, John, aged twenty years, a son by his first wife; the younger, Frank, born of his second wife, a boy scarcely twelve years old. The mothers of both lads were buried in far-away Eastern graves.

Once again in his native land, Richard Sanborn's ambition re-asserted itself. He desired to establish himself as an English country gentleman; so an estate agent scoured the United

Kingdoms in search of a suitable residence for the rich man. This was at last discovered in a fine old red-brick Queen Anne mansion, standing in a small park, with several hundred acres of fertile land adjacent. The place may be seen yet from a road which traverses a lovely ridge along the southern border of Hertfordshire. A fine old family mansion, with a hundred rooms, yet it was not spacious enough for the Sanborn family. There is too often more of truth than fiction in the sarcastic saw, 'Three is a crowd.'

The younger lad, Frank, was his father's favourite, and as the old man's affection for his 'baby' apparently increased, his interest in John diminished proportionately; and the elder lad grew jealous and dissatisfied. John Sanborn was naturally of a restless disposition, and in many ways resembled his father at his own age.

The Sanborns had been established at Linwood Park less than two years, when, one morning at breakfast, John, being then about twenty-two years of age, abruptly announced his intention of leaving home for a time. The information did not create much surprise or concern on the part of the old man, for he merely remarked: 'Yes; when do you start?'

'This morning.'

'Indeed!—May I ask where you are going?'

'To America. I should like to see some of the fighting over there—perhaps I shall take a hand in it.'

'Ah, well; I shall have to get along with Frank. I think we can manage pretty well.—Do you need any money, John?'

'No, sir.'

This reference made by the old man to the younger lad was quite sufficient to arouse John's temper and resentment—he arose from the table and left the room. His father never saw him again; for ten minutes later a groom drove John and his valise to the Watford Railway Station, whence he took the train for Liverpool.

That was in 1861. Within a year, old Richard Sanborn died, and—shrewd business man that he had been—to the surprise of all, left no will.

The name of Sanborn became familiar to newspaper readers the world over; and for many years after the old gentleman's death, people in the distant East and the Far West, as well as in remote Australia, read what came to be regarded as a stereotyped advertisement:

'JOHN SANBORN, elder son of the late Richard Sanborn, Esq. (formerly of Bombay), who died at Linwood Park, Hertfordshire, England, June 8th, 1862, is requested to communicate at once with Hughes & Hughes, solicitors, 785 Chancery Lane, London.'

For seven continuous years this notice appeared in the London dailies, in the *New York Herald*, in the *Melbourne Argus*, and the *Bombay Gazette*; but no communication reached Messrs Hughes & Hughes from the missing heir of Linwood Park and old Richard Sanborn's rupees.

Frank Sanborn was to some extent independent; that is to say, he inherited a small property of his mother's which was amply sufficient to meet the demands made upon it for his education. When his father died, he was under the care of a private tutor, who continued his instruction until Frank entered a college at Oxford. At



that venerable seat of learning Frank distinguished himself, and in his first year of manhood graduated with honours. Not only so; he was also a creditable member of all the Athletic Clubs, pulled a good oar, could hit a ball for six runs at cricket, while he would have delighted the heart of the most noble the Marquis of Queensberry himself with the way in which he handled the gloves. Withal he was a scholar and a gentleman and—an Englishman. One blemish there was to Frank Sanborn's otherwise unblemished record—lying dormant within him was a fearful temper. Only twice did it appear on the surface during his three years' residence at Oxford: once to terrorise a gang of river-side roughs, and once to astonish his friends—both times to appal Frank himself with the thought of possible consequences which might some time or other result from so terrible a fury. Fortunately, Frank knew his failing, and bravely tried to prevent his worst enemy from getting a start: mostly he was successful.

Frank Sanborn was twenty-two years old when he quitted Oxford a full-fledged B.A. He was a young man well able to take care of himself, if needs be: one of those very finest specimens of modern Britons—a colonial Englishman, possessing in a rare degree 'a sound mind in a healthy body.' Having done pretty well at the university, he proposed to himself to do still better at some profession or in business. To this end he proceeded to Chancery Lane, that he might consult with his late father's solicitors and the administrators of the estate, Messrs Hughes & Hughes.

'I am glad you have come, my dear young sir,' said the senior Hughes—Mr Owen. 'I had seriously thought of requesting an interview at an early date.'

Frank responded with proper politeness.

'You see, Mr Frank,' continued Mr Hughes, as he turned the key in the drawer of his private room, 'something has got to be done about your late father's affairs. Now we have complied with all the requirements of the law so far, yet no word has reached us from your brother John. Of course you understand that, if living, he is sole heir to the property. But it is only reasonable to suppose that he is dead, probably killed in the civil war which raged for several years after he went to the States. In that case, you are entitled to take possession of the property. Indeed, you can do that in any event, the law requiring us to wait no longer than seven years for absent heirs to return and take their own. Certainly, if Mr John should reappear at any time, you will have to surrender the property; but he can make no demand upon you for the income from the estate during his absence. Later, when proof of your brother's death can be obtained, you will be absolute owner of the entire property left by the late Mr Sanborn, to hold as you please.'

Frank was rather astonished at the information given him by the old lawyer. To tell the truth, he had never once during his entire life, up to that moment, given the matter so much as a passing thought. In fact, his brother had receded entirely from Frank's life. John had never been much of a factor in his younger brother's plans and calculations, yet he had

scarcely thought of the absent man as dead. He knew that their father left no will, and was aware that, therefore, John was sole heir to the property. Farther than that he had given the matter no consideration. Yet there was reason in what the man of law now said, and Mr Owen Hughes, of all men, knew what he was talking about; otherwise, he would never have spoken to Frank on the subject.

'This proposition or suggestion of yours comes to me as a surprise, Mr Hughes, for, really, I came up here to consult you in regard to choosing a profession or some other means of earning a living. However, if I have a perfect right to live at Linwood'—

'Right! My dear Mr Frank, of course you have a right. Not only a right to live at Linwood and let the two Linwood farms, but also to draw a dividend on something like three hundred thousand pounds invested in Indian Government securities!' and the old lawyer proceeded to give a glowing description of the wealth left by his late friend and client.

After a long conversation, Frank rose to leave. 'I will go down and take a look at the old place, Mr Hughes, and will let you know in a week what I intend doing.'

Before a week passed, Frank Sanborn had decided that he would like to be an English country gentleman, as his father had doubtless intended he should be; so he proceeded to establish himself as the bachelor master of Linwood Park.

Frank dropped very naturally into his new and rather important position. He possessed enough of his father's active and ambitious spirit to enable him to discharge all the duties of a rich man with thoroughness and pride; while from his mother he inherited a full appreciation of ease and luxury, with all the other privileges and advantages of wealth. Within a very short space of time he developed into an ideal country gentleman, and became quite a favourite among his immediate neighbours. He regularly drew his princely income, and somehow managed to expend it, while never a word of John Sanborn, dead or alive, came to disturb the even tenor of his existence.

Frank Sanborn had been in possession of Linwood Park about a year, when, on a warm evening, he sat alone in the fine old library, smoking an after-dinner cigar. The library was his favourite room, and he was ensconced in a very easy chair before an open window, through which he looked out upon the velvety greensward and venerable trees of the Park. The shadows of the midsummer night were fast falling, and not a sound disturbed the peaceful stillness. Were it not for the thin wreath of blue smoke which arose from his Havana, the young master of Linwood might have been supposed to be himself sleeping. What his thoughts were are of little import, but his reverie was rudely disturbed by the figure of a man darkening the window at which he sat. That was not all. The man stepped boldly across the windowsill, entered the library, and took a seat opposite Frank. The latter knew not what to make of this intrusion. It was almost dark, but Frank was certain that the man was a total stranger.

'May I ask the reason of this very uncere-  
monious entrance into my home?'

A rough laugh was the immediate response to this inquiry, followed by a counter-question: 'May I ask what you mean by taking such cool possession of my home?'

Frank now judged, from the harsh laugh and the excited manner of the intruder, that his visitor was tipsy. This opinion was confirmed by the man's actions; for, as he addressed Frank, he pulled a bell-rope and, when a servant appeared, called loudly for 'Scotch whisky and lights.'

Frank Sanborn hardly knew how to act. If the man was tipsy or crazy he would prefer to leave him to the servants. He thought lights would improve the situation, so lit the gas himself. Then he took a good look at the man, and saw, by the bloodshot eyes, that he had already consumed more liquor than was good for him. He perceived also that his visitor was a man of perhaps thirty or thirty-five years—tall, broad, and heavy—his face tanned by exposure to sun and wind. He also noticed that the stranger was clad in ill-fitting, cheap clothing, certainly not made at Poole's.

Yet the man's countenance seemed familiar, and when he announced, 'I am John Sanborn,' Frank could not for the life of him gainsay the assertion. Indeed, he felt constrained to offer some sort of welcome to the new-comer. So he extended his hand and said: 'I am glad to see you, John.'

But there was a lack of cordiality in his words, and his hand was not extended far enough to make the action natural. John, for John Sanborn it certainly was, perceived this, and being already in a bad humour, was only irritated the more.

'You lie! You are *not* glad to see me; and I repeat my question—what do you mean by being here at all?'

'You are scarcely polite, John, not to say brotherly,' remonstrated Frank.

'Politeness be hanged! I've not been hobnobbing with polite folks for the last eight or nine years. Manners don't count for much in the corner of the world I have just left. Besides, it seems to me you should be the last man to speak of politeness, when I return to find you in possession of my house, and spending my money!'

'But, my dear fellow,' urged Frank, anxious to avoid unpleasantness, 'why did you not come before, or write to Mr Hughes? Even now you will find the property intact, and Mr Hughes will straighten everything out if you will go and see him.'

'Confound old Hughes and you too! I guess I can attend to my own affairs. I know you of old, young fellow. You took it for granted that I was dead, and was only too glad of the chance to step into my shoes. I can just imagine how much you and old Hughes tried to find me. I fully expected that my father would make a will, and leave you the lion's share, so didn't bother much to keep myself informed. I learned only a few weeks ago that he died without making a will. That leaves me in sole possession of Linwood—understand?—in sole possession!'

'Yes, I understand, John, and am willing to turn over everything to you. But you are hasty

and unreasonable. Go and see the lawyers, and have matters arranged properly.'

'I will do that all in good time. Meanwhile, I stay here, and you go. I will give you just fifteen minutes to pack your personal effects and clear out!'

Frank's dormant temper was rapidly awakening. He felt it nearing the surface, and tried to crush it as he quietly said: 'Remember, John, I am your brother and our father's son. I have some rights which you are bound to respect.'

'Rights? I should like to know what they are! Yes, you are our father's son, but you are not my mother's son. What was your mother, anyhow?'

This was a most insolent and uncalled-for reference to Frank's mother, who was lady-like and refined as well as Richard Sanborn's honoured wife. That there had been blemishes in generations past on her family escutcheon was small excuse for John's insult, which would never have been uttered had he been cool and sober. It was the last straw. Frank Sanborn drew back his powerful right arm, clenched his fist, and dealt his half-brother a terrific blow on the left temple, which felled him to the ground. His head struck upon a corner of the table as he fell. When the old butler arrived on the scene, in response to Frank's ring, John Sanborn was beyond all aid. He was dead.

Of course Frank Sanborn felt badly enough at the fearful result of his passion, but much sympathy was accorded him. He was placed under arrest; but, owing to the exertions of Messrs Hughes & Hughes, who employed able counsel in his behalf, the grand-jury returned a true bill of manslaughter only. At his trial the most eminent legal talent in the land defended Frank, and with such good effect that a merely nominal sentence was passed upon him.

He served the short term of imprisonment, at the end of which his friends and neighbours were ready to welcome him back to his old place in their midst. But Frank Sanborn was a changed man. He magnified his own wrong-doing, and to him it seemed that he had committed murder of the grossest nature, even fratricide. He positively refused to again take possession of the Sanborn property, the more so as he fancied he had good reason to think, from some papers found on John Sanborn's person, that his brother had been married when abroad, and that a son had been born to him. The period when this probable marriage took place, if at all, and whether the boy was alive or dead, could not be even surmised. It was certain, however, that John had come to England direct from South Africa, and with this one clew Frank proposed to start out and learn, if possible, all that had happened to John during his long absence; so, leaving everything in the hands of the old lawyers, Frank started out. He took very little with him, and all that he did take was his own absolutely. He went to South Africa, and located in the Diamond Diggings, hoping sooner or later to run across some one who knew his brother. But while waiting he could not remain idle. He took up a claim, and worked with his own hands. Phenomenal luck overtook him, and in two years he had over twenty thousand pounds in a Cape Town bank. But he had heard nothing about John. In that

regard he was so far discouraged; but in Cape Town he learned from an old Australian that a man named John Sanborn had been a resident in Melbourne some three years before. The information was positive and reasonably reliable; so to Melbourne Frank journeyed, resolved upon remaining there until he could learn something of his brother.

Seven years he resided in the Victorian capital, all the time 'coining money' in the wool-trade. At the end of seven years he met a farmer who gave him considerable news of John Sanborn. John Sanborn came to Australia from California in 1866, with a young wife and three-year-old boy. A year later, he left them; and after waiting vainly two years for his return, the woman with her child returned to her own country. That was in 1868. When Frank received this news it was the year 1890, so that the folks he wished to find had twelve years' start of him. That made no difference, however. If such a thing were possible, he proposed to find them; so, hastily selling out his interest in the wool business, he left Australia a fabulously rich man.

#### THE HOME OF AN OLD MASTER PRINTER.

THERE is perhaps no city on the Continent which affords a more complete change of scene to English people than Antwerp, and this at a comparatively small expenditure of time and money. The narrow streets, with glimpses into curious inner courts with trees and porticoes, the quaint dresses, the little milk-carts with their bright brass vessels drawn by dogs, the old churches, the wonderful paintings, and above all, the glorious Cathedral, which has seen so many changes and survived so many stormy periods, and which towers over the whole city—form a *tout ensemble* so new, so different, and so delightful, that it is hardly possible to realise that one could have left Scotland enveloped in mist and rain only thirty-six hours before!

Some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of the writer one morning while wandering about in the Place Verte, where the flower-market is held, and where the most lovely roses and bunches of heliotrope can be bought for a few centimes. The air was filled with the sweet chiming of the Cathedral bells, and the spire rose sheer up into the air four hundred and four feet, showing against the clear blue of the morning sky like a bit of lacework in stone. It has been told of this spire that Charles V. said the sculpture was so delicate it ought to be covered with glass; and Napoleon the Great suggested that the design had been copied from a piece of Mechlin lace. The bells, too, have a story of their own. The famous carillon of bells which ring every few minutes were placed in the spire in 1483, and have thus seen all the vicissitudes through which Antwerp has passed. They were there at the time of her greatest magnificence, when it was the greatest commercial city in Europe, when the luxuries of all nations and of both hemispheres poured into it, and when two thousand vessels could lie at anchor in its harbours, and through the terrible years when the Dutch Republic

struggled against the Spanish power with a bravery which has never been surpassed in the history of the world.

The largest of the bells is dignified by the name of Carolus, after the Emperor Charles V.; it is sixteen thousand pounds in weight, and requires sixteen men to ring it.

It seems as if the beauty of the Cathedral had protected it through all the wars and sieges to which Antwerp has been subjected, and even in the crowning horrors of the three terrible days called the 'Spanish Fury,' it escaped comparatively uninjured, and has remained to the present time with the marvellous pictures of Rubens and many other art treasures to be a delight to all who have the privilege of seeing it. Antwerp may be called the Rome of northern Europe, so profuse and varied are the beautiful pictures and many other art treasures which it possesses. When we think that it was the home of Rubens, and that churches and museums alike are filled with his works—he is said to have painted in the course of his long life fifteen hundred pictures—and that the most famous painters of the Dutch school were born, and in many instances lived here, such as Quintin Matsys the blacksmith—who was transformed into a painter by falling in love with an artist's daughter—Van Dyck, Van Oort, Teniers, Jordaens, and others, we cannot wonder that the whole city breathes an atmosphere of art; and it is said that there is hardly a family in Antwerp which does not possess some good paintings.

Antwerp, however, is not merely famous as a great art-loving city; it was also one of the early homes of printing, which has revolutionised the world. It possesses in the Museum Plantin Moretus one of the most wonderful and interesting records of printing in its earliest stages to be found, perhaps, in the world. In many museums there can be seen models of early types, lithographic plates, proof-sheets of very early impressions, and rare copies of early works; but by rare good fortune here we have the very home of Christopher Plantin, who may truly be called a 'Master Printer,' preserved to us. An old Dutch home, with its stately hall for receiving guests, its ordinary living-rooms, broad low staircase, open quadrangle, balconies, verandas, and all the many rooms and galleries where the printing-work was carried on. These are in no way apart from the house; they are not only under one roof, but are so much part of the household life that it is difficult for any casual visitor to tell where the house proper ends and the printing establishment begins.

It shows very plainly that in those old days people had no wish to dissociate their work from their home and home-life, but lived in the very midst of their work, with all their workpeople around them, in a truly patriarchal fashion.

Christopher Plantin was born at Tours about 1514; he was educated in Paris, and finally, after various chances and changes, settled in Antwerp, where he began life as a bookbinder; but an accident he met with caused him to turn his attention to his real vocation of printing. At this date, about 1550, printing, though not in its infancy, was sufficiently novel for congenial spirits to work at it with never-failing enthusiasm. No difficulties daunted them; no discouragements held them back; they had ideals

which upheld them, and which, with unconquerable perseverance and manifold labours, they generally contrived to carry out, leaving to those who came after them not merely the actual works they produced as legacies of untold value, but examples of patience and stout-hearted determination, which have perhaps never been rivalled in the world's story. Such an undertaking was the great Polyglot Bible published by Plantin; the adventures and the difficulties he underwent in the years when it was being published would have daunted many a stout heart; but through peace and war, under suspicion of heresy, through money difficulties of the most complicated nature, brought on by Philip of Spain refusing to advance the money due to him, he struggled on for five weary years; till at length, in August 1573, the magnificent work was completed. It consisted of twelve hundred and thirteen copies on paper of various qualities, and thirteen copies on vellum. Those who have read Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* can realise the horrors of the years during which the Polyglot Bible was in progress.

A great fair was held at Frankfort twice a year, at Lent and in autumn; and these fairs Plantin or his son-in-law, Jean Moretus, regularly attended for many years. At the Lenten fair in 1566, Plantin displayed specimen sheets of the Polyglot Bible; and soon after the Duke of Alva arrived in the Netherlands. Then followed a time of bloodshed and trial, hardly ever equalled in any country, when many brave and noble men laid down their lives for their country, including Counts Egmont and Horn, and when William the Silent gained deathless renown as the patriotic defender of his country.

During all these years, Plantin was working steadily on; and when the Polyglot Bible was completed, one of the thirteen copies on vellum was presented by Philip—who would not allow any one to have the vellum copies but himself—to the Duke of Alva with the famous inscription upon it: 'From the best of Monarchs to the best of Ministers.' This very copy, with this Latin inscription—most likely written by Arius Montanus, by whom it was presented to Alva—may now be seen in the British Museum, showing little if any trace of the three hundred years which have passed since Plantin sent it forth to the world. An interesting and detailed account of the printing of this Bible, with the many difficulties Plantin had to encounter, the greed of Philip, and the troublous times in particular, was given in the *Quarterly Review* some little time ago.

The 'Hôtel Plantin,' as it used to be called, or the 'Musée Plantin Moretus,' as it has been called since the city of Antwerp purchased it in 1876, stands in a small square, surrounded by commonplace houses and shops, with a sort of market in the centre of the square, where country produce, second-hand furniture, pots and pans, and similar items, made up a very prosaic *entourage*. It seemed strange to pass from the dusty bustling market and the shrill voices of the Anversoises contending over a centime more or less for a bunch of pot-herbs, or disputing the exact value of a rickety chair, into the calm cool retreat of the Musée Plantin—to go from the petty cares and peaceful prosperity of to-day right back for

three hundred years into an atmosphere of learning and culture, pursued amid the distracting anxieties of war, bloodshed, and cruelty.

Passing from the entrance hall through one or two rooms of no special note, we come to the great banqueting hall or Reception Room, adorned with the portraits on the walls, and the monograms, both carved and in stained glass, of Plantin's daughters and their respective husbands. Plantin had five daughters, of whom he was both fond and proud; and we are told that in early childhood he taught them to read and write so well that they were able to help in correcting the proofs from the printing-house 'in whatever language or writing it was sent to be printed.' He adds also that he had taken pains to have them taught to work well with the needle, and to assist their mother in all her household duties. The eldest girl, who was called Marguerite, was specially famed for her fine writing. She married a very learned man called Raphelengien, whose services were of immense value to Plantin in revising and editing learned works. Among the Plantin papers there remains an account of the expenses incurred at Marguerite Plantin's wedding. A hat, rings, and other ornaments were purchased by the bridegroom; the bride's dress was of Lille 'gros grain' silk; and the wedding feast seems to have been composed of very solid fare indeed, in the shape of sucking-pigs, legs of mutton, game, &c., with fruit of all kinds and confectionery. *Massepain*, or *Marsipan*, as it is now called, seems to have been held in as high favour three hundred years ago as it is now.

The second daughter, Martine, married a young man called Jean Moretus, who was such a valuable coadjutor to Christopher Plantin that besides becoming his son-in-law, he took him into partnership; the firm thenceforward became known as Plantin-Moretus; and Plantin affectionately calls him 'a second self.'

Moretus and his wife most likely lived on in the 'Hôtel Plantin' after the death of Plantin, as we hear that Raphelengien and his wife lived in a house near the Cathedral, and Moretus is buried in one of the chapels of the Cathedral.

The floor of the hall is of the finest parquet, dark with age, and polished till it is as smooth as glass. There are a row of windows on one side of the hall, looking out, not on the dusty square, but on a large quadrangle, gay with shrubs and flowering plants in pots, and with a veranda on one side overgrown with a vine—evidently a very old one, from the thick gnarled stalks—covered with clusters of purple grapes. The wall of the quadrangle above this veranda was covered with a most luxuriant wisteria in full bloom, running far up the side of the house. A magnificent chimney-piece and wide open fireplace fill up one end of the hall; and the furniture consists of one or two beautiful inlaid tables and old oak cabinets and chairs. Leaving the hall by another door, we go up the low broad old-fashioned staircase, and in the rooms above we find many curious and quaint things. Great china jars and wondrous punch-bowls, jars, cups, and goblets, with lids of old blue Nankin china; rare bits of dragon china in pale yellow; wonderful tea-sets in curious shades of green; and dainty price-less bits of egg-shell china, all show the traffic



which was carried on between Antwerp and the East in these old days. There are old oak cupboards, where Dame Plantin, no doubt, had wonderful stores of the fine linen for which the Flemish were so justly famed; beds with embroidered coverlets in silk and satin; high-backed chairs and tabourets, all so wonderfully fresh and bright and *clean*, that it is hardly possible to realise their advanced age.

A cord drawn across the upper stair checked the advance of the curious, and we passed back through these 'living-rooms,' to use an old phrase, to what must ever be the great attraction of the place to all who love books—namely, the printing-house.

As has been said before, it is hardly possible to tell where the private rooms end and the printing establishment begins, so closely are they united. There is one little nook, a sort of projecting wooden balcony, from which it was evident Plantin could have overlooked several of the rooms and galleries of the printing establishment, and which was doubtless made for this purpose. Imagination pictures him sitting here with his little daughters around him, teaching them as he did, and keeping an eye likewise on all that was going on around him; and it may have been here that he compiled the Flemish Dictionary which made him famous as an author as well as a printer, and which definitely fixed the national language of the Netherlands.

Time fails to tell the curious and interesting contents of the printing-house; they require to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. There are specimens of the various kinds and varieties of type used not only in the great Polyglot Bible, but in the famous Missals and Service Books printed by Plantin, as well as the printing presses themselves. The tables at which the proof-correctors sat are still to be seen; there are huge old presses filled with engravings, &c., and long show-cases filled with open specimens of the beautiful Missals and Service Books; and also the original copper plates with etchings. The library is full of rare and valuable books, and endless documents relating to the business of the firm. Rubens, who was an intimate friend of Plantin, engraved many frontispieces for books and other illustrations, and these form not the least interesting part of the collection.

Coming through some part of the printing-house into the quadrangle, we walked along the grape-clad veranda and re-entered the great hall for a last look. The windows were open; the warm summer air filled the room; but all was quiet and still. Imagination pictured Marguerite Plantin rustling across the polished floor in her bridal 'gros grain.' Rubens must have sat at that very fireplace talking with Christopher Plantin, and perhaps discussing new designs for the ornamentation of the Psalter or the Breviary. The spare form of Arius Montanus, Philip's confessor, and the editor of the Polyglot Bible, seems to glide in at one of the side-doors; Dame Plantin goes to and fro, busy with her household cares, or sits spinning at her little ebony wheel. Raphael-engien sits in one of the deep window recesses buried in thoughts of his beloved books. Jean Moretus, bright and busy, hurries in from the printing-house. All pass before us as in a dream called up from the far-back past.

The old house has passed through many a changeable year and witnessed many a scene of joy and sorrow. It remains a monument, perhaps unique, in its perfect preservation, and in the picture it brings before us of the daily life of the old Master Printer and his family three hundred years ago.

#### MY SIAMESE 'KRU.'

EVERY one has heard of the Siamese Twins; but I venture to assert, without much fear of contradiction, that very few readers of this *Journal* have the slightest notion of what a Siamese 'kru' is.

Three months ago, on my arrival in Bangkok, which some over-imaginative traveller has dubbed the 'Venice of the East,' I was told I would be provided with a kru; and being saturated with the said traveller's glowing description of the watery character of the Siamese capital, I could scarcely help connecting the expression with a gondola and its complement of rowers. The two friends with whom I stayed took a wicked delight in refusing to enlighten me on the subject; and it was consequently with a considerable degree of curiosity that I went downstairs one morning, on receiving the welcome intelligence that my kru had come. I hurried into the room and looked eagerly around; but nothing unusual was to be seen except a diminutive native, who stood bowing and scraping, and at every bow he contorted his countenance into a frightful grin, displaying a double row of blackened molars. I then turned to my two friends, who were loling listlessly in those long rattan chairs so indispensable in the East, and said: 'Well, I don't see any signs of my kru.'—'Your kru!' was the answer; 'don't you see him? There he is—a walking dictionary of the Siamese language; a barefooted philosopher, who will haunt you like a shadow for the next two or three years.'

A kru, then, was nothing more or less than the Siamese 'coach' by whom I was to be initiated into the mysteries of a language in the study of which I am destined to spend the best years of my life. I have had many different schoolmasters and coaches whose idiosyncrasies of disposition and manner presented an interesting study to the schoolboy mind; but the specimen before me apparently contained more peculiarities in his own little body than did all his predecessors put together.

Imagine a brown, pock-marked individual of about five feet one inch in height, clad in a thin white jacket buttoned up to the chin, and a piece of pink cloth arranged in the form of a divided skirt reaching to the knee. His hairy legs and feet are destitute of any covering; but as a set-off to this, he boasts the luxuries of a soft felt hat and a small white umbrella. His hair is coal-black, profusely oiled, and by some curious means is made to assume a perpendicular position, giving the top of his head a striking resemblance to a modern blacking-brush. His eyes are dark-brown, nose flat, with the nostrils spread out to a remarkable extent, and the lower part of his face is what scientists term prognathous or protruding. The few stumpy hairs which used to constitute his

beard have all been carefully plucked out by the roots, so as to render himself pleasing in the eyes of the Siamese women, who detest a bearded countenance.

While I thus stood taking mental notes of my future coach, he advanced to the veranda and disgorged an enormous quid of betel. Having thus cleared his mouth and then deftly placed behind his ear the half-used cigarette which he has hitherto held in his hand, he turned to me, bowed profoundly, and immediately opened fire with the most alarming volley of sounds that have ever been graced by the name of articulate language. I addressed him in English; but he was entirely ignorant of that noble speech, with the exception of the word 'yes,' which he pronounced with a kind of a grunt like 'yāa, yāa.' This was discouraging, and our studies promised to be rather dry; but I meant to make the best of it; and I resolutely settled down to weary out my eyes over the puzzling forms and sounds of the forty-four Siamese characters.

Unlike all my former tutors, the patience of my kru is inexhaustible. He never gets out of temper, and a more easy-going, good-natured, child-like disposition can scarcely be imagined. He is a genuine type of the ordinary Siamese, easily pleased, and easily affected to wonder. He inspected my wardrobe with the greatest curiosity, and seemed rather struck by the variety of brushes on my toilet table, and would have put some of them into action on his own perfumed body if he had been allowed. He was greatly delighted with a tablet of Pears's soap, and managed to make me understand that a piece of Pears's soap was 'the joy of his heart,' and that, if he had a similar piece, his gratitude would be unbounded. I accordingly gave him a tablet, which he wrapped in paper and deposited in his pocket, to keep company, as I found on careful inspection, with three cigarettes, a piece of betel, a pen-and-pencil combination, the various non-descript ingredients of a native medicine, and a small note-book.

He repeats every morning, when he comes at seven, the pantomime of our first day's acquaintance—bowing profoundly, depositing his felt hat and white umbrella in the corner, then advancing and spitting out his huge mouthful of betel over the veranda. I daresay he would feel highly gratified if he knew the deep interest I take in his slightest manoeuvres. There he stands, the representative of a strange Oriental race, whose intellect and ideas are the production of centuries of semi-barbarism mingled with the highly moral precepts of Buddha. What a pleasure to lay bare and analyse the workings of such a mind, and to trace the growth of a soul struggling along through an Egyptian darkness. As I regard his powerful prognathous jaws, my mind conjures up the wild scenes of dark and distant ages, when primeval man quarrelled over his prey, and defended himself against his enemies by a savage use of his teeth. Those broad nostrils remind me that in his ancestors of many generations back the sense of smell was developed to an extent of which we are incapable now of forming a true estimate. His supple active toes can be easily imagined assisting their owner to climb up and down trees, as did his monkey-like progenitors of old; and as he unconsciously puts his foot under

the table and neatly picks up a stray pencil, the picture of a human being in a state of evolution becomes most vivid.

At first I took my lessons extended on a long easy-chair, with a pillow under my head, and the kru seated gravely at my side like a doctor by his patient. Needless to say small progress was made in this manner, as the combined influence of a recumbent position, a temperature of ninety degrees in the shade, and the monotonous, solemn hawing and grunting of the teacher invariably sent me into a troubled and uneasy slumber, during which I suffered a kind of nightmare, haunted and menaced by the four-and-forty Siamese alphabetical characters, whose naturally fantastic shapes curled and twisted themselves into the most dreadful and terrifying spectres.

Now, with a book in hand I perambulate the long veranda, squeaking, groaning, and shouting out the strange tones that run up and down like a musical scale, followed at a respectful distance by my little barefooted master, who is amazed at the stupidity of a 'farang' preferring to walk energetically, when he has half-a-dozen chairs, two couches, and a bed to sit down on. It is easy to imagine that what one human voice says, another may reproduce with tolerable exactness; but it is not till the experiment has been actually tried in such a language as Siamese, that the supreme difficulties of vocal reproduction become evident. In modern languages it is possible to be perfectly understood in spite of a bad accent; but in Siamese, if the one correct tone out of the existing five is not properly enunciated, something very different from the thought of the speaker is expressed. Thus I may say to my 'boy,' 'Pie su sua' (Go and buy a coat); but if I don't exercise the greatest care with the tone of the last word, I may tell him to 'Go and buy a tiger,' or 'Go and buy a mat.' In the midst of all a beginner's grievous mistakes, it is one thing to be thankful for that the unfortunate 'boy' preserves a sphinx-like gravity, and never moves a muscle of his face or winks an eyelid, but invariably answers: 'I beg to receive your commands.' The tones of 'sua' resemble each other so closely that, after three months' study of the language, I can barely distinguish any difference on hearing them pronounced; and my own efforts to say them are quite ineffectual. When we consider that the same word has three or four up to a dozen meanings with slight variations in sound, a short process of arithmetical calculation will easily show how many phrases, meaningless or the reverse, may be manufactured out of three words.

But in spite of these difficulties, my kru and I are beginning to carry on a kind of conversation, lame and one-sided indeed, but which affords me sometimes glimpses of the wonderful depths of a Siamese intellect; and a veritable mine it appears to be of queer superstition and curious ideas of religion and natural laws. I should not be surprised if this barefooted philosopher had similar ideas of myself; and if he ever publishes 'Recollections of my Life as a Kru,' he would, basing his ideas on experience, probably write as follows: 'English pupils are endowed with a boundless curiosity, and a love of brushes is a salient feature of their character. They have a marked distaste for sitting down, and exhibit all the restless nature of a tiger hurrying up and

down before the bars of his cage. They earn enormous salaries, yet they are totally deficient in talent, as they stutter and blunder in learning our language, which is so easy that even the boys in the street speak it with perfect correctness. They are perpetually asking questions about what I eat and what I drink, what my clothes cost, the name of this and the name of that; and although I tell them the same thing hundreds of times, they always forget. They tell me that the earth is circular, and that it turns upside down; that the sun is larger than this world, and a great deal of other nonsense. I am also insulted by being told in confidence that my great-great-grandfather was a wretched monkey. In my opinion, they are all slightly crazy.'

## ROYAL PLEASURE-SHIPS.

DRY-ROT has, it seems, attacked Her Britannic Majesty's yachts *Osborne* and *Alberta* to such an extent that to make them seaworthy £9000 will have to be spent on the latter and £5000 on the former.

The oldest surviving English royal yacht is the *Royal George*, which carried the Queen on her first trip to Scotland well-nigh half a century ago. Built in 1813, the glory of this ancient craft has long since departed; but she still serves in Portsmouth harbour the humble but useful purpose of a floating barracks for the crews of her modern successors. In 1833, another royal yacht—the *Royal Adelaide*—was launched at Sheerness. She was a tiny frigate, fifty feet long and fifteen feet broad. Like the *Royal George*, she has had her day so far as royalty is concerned. Her Majesty has at present four pleasure-ships at her command—the yachts *Victoria* and *Albert* and *Osborne*, and the tenders *Alberta* and *Elfin*. Though the average age of these vessels is only twenty-nine years, not far short of a million sterling has been spent on them up to the present. The *Elfin*—the oldest of the four—was built at Chatham in 1849, and has a displacement of only ninety-three tons. Her original cost was £6168, and the cost of her maintenance up to date has been about £40,000. The *Victoria* and *Albert*, the largest and handsomest of Her Majesty's private fleet, is the second of her name. When she was laid down at Pembroke in 1854 it was as the *Windsor Castle*; but at her launch in 1855 she was given her present name, the old *Victoria* and *Albert* being then renamed the *Osborne*, which was broken up in 1868.

The present *Victoria* and *Albert* is three hundred feet long and rather over forty feet broad, has a displacement of 2470 tons, and engines of 2980 indicated horse-power. Her spacious cabins and saloons are furnished and decorated in the most luxurious and artistic style, and she has the reputation of being not only a fast but a comfortable vessel. She carries a crew of one hundred and fifty-one officers and men. It cost £176,820 to build her; and keeping her afloat has entailed an additional expenditure of more than £387,000—so that altogether more than half a million has been spent on her. The *Alberta* and the *Osborne* were also built at Pembroke, in 1863 and 1870 respectively. About

£70,000 was laid out on the former, a vessel of three hundred and seventy tons; while the latter, with a displacement of eighteen hundred and fifty tons, cost nearly £134,000. Like the *Victoria* and *Albert*, the *Osborne* is a paddle-steamer. She is two hundred and fifty feet long and thirty-six feet broad, her indicated horse-power is 3360, and her crew consists of one hundred and forty-five all told. As during her comparatively short life of nineteen years the *Osborne* has cost over £150,000 for maintenance, it is somewhat surprising to be told that she now stands in need of a large further outlay to render her serviceable. Her Majesty, as is well known, makes very little use of her little squadron of yachts. Once or twice a year one or other of them is requisitioned to convey her across the Solent; and on rare occasions she crosses the Channel in one of them; but nearly all the year round they are lying idle. Being all built of wood, they decay rapidly, and would soon fall to pieces if they were not constantly overhauled and patched and painted. Economists urge that these four old wooden ships, on which large sums have to be spent year by year, should at once be replaced by one or two new steel yachts of a modern type. Dry-rot cannot attack a steel ship, and though it may cost more to build, it would cost far less to keep in repair.

But it must not be supposed that Queen Victoria's yachts cost more than those of any other monarch. That is far from being the fact. Among crowned heads the Emperor of Russia ranks first as a yacht-owner. When, ten years ago, the late Czar ordered the notorious *Livadia* to be built, he was already the owner of half-a-dozen fine yachts. All things considered, it must be allowed that the *Livadia* is the strangest and most useless yacht that has yet been seen. To secure the Imperial family against sea-sickness, she was built with a breadth (one hundred and fifty-three feet) equal to about two-thirds of her length (two hundred and thirty-one feet); and in order to give her greater speed and make her handier than other ships, she was supplied with engines indicating 10,500 horse-power and with three screws. On her ample deck was reared a veritable palace; and had she fulfilled the expectations of her designers, she would no doubt have been the most magnificent yacht that ever floated, albeit the ugliest. So far, however, from 'walking the waters like a thing of life,' she behaved in a generally awkward manner, and, in short, turned out a grotesque and monstrous failure. To-day, with her name changed to the *Opyt*, she figures as a sort of barracks somewhere in the Black Sea. The *Livadia* was constructed at Govan, and launched in 1880. Altogether, there can be little doubt that over half a million was spent on her. When the White Czar goes for a sea-trip now, it is in the *Derjave*, a wooden paddle-ship, built in St Petersburg in 1871. She is three hundred and eleven feet long and forty-two feet wide, has a displacement of 3346 tons and engines of 2700 horse-power, and her internal arrangements are on the most magnificent scale. The Czar is, however, now having built, also at St Petersburg, a yacht which is to surpass in splendour—and in costliness too, one may safely predict—every other in the world. The *Polar-naia Sveizda* is to be a twin-screw vessel of 3346

tons and 6000 horse-power, and measuring three hundred and fifteen feet by forty-six feet. His Imperial Majesty's other steam-yachts are the iron single-screw schooner *Czarevna*, of 796 tons, built at Hull in 1874; the paddle-yachts *Alexandria* and *Strielna*, built on the Thames in 1851 and 1887; the screw *Slavanka*, launched at Hull in 1874; the *Marevo*, the *Zina*, and the *Sutka*. Besides these, he has several small sailing-yachts.

The young German Emperor is also a considerable yacht-owner. In addition to several little river-craft, he has a frigate-yacht, which was built at Woolwich in 1832, and sent by King William IV. as a present to the king of Prussia. She was modelled—like the old *Royal Adelaide* mentioned above—after the renowned English frigate *Pique*, and as a youth the Emperor William was very fond of sailing her. The Kaiser's chief yacht is the *Hohenzollern*, an iron paddle-ship built at Kiel in 1875. She is two hundred and sixty-eight feet by thirty-four feet, has a displacement of 1675 tons and a horse-power of 3000, and carries a crew of one hundred and thirty-three including officers. Though the *Hohenzollern* is beautifully fitted and can steam about sixteen knots an hour, the Kaiser must needs have another yacht. It is said that the *Hohenzollern* is not nearly large enough to accommodate the Emperor's staff and suite when he assumes the command of operations at sea, and the Budget Committee of the Reichstag have accordingly included in the naval estimates a grant of 4,500,000 marks (nearly £225,000) for a new Imperial yacht.

The Sultan owns no fewer than ten yachts, all of which are of British build. Of these the most important is the *Sultanieh*, which dates from 1861. She is three hundred and sixty-four feet long, and has a displacement of 2902 tons and a horse-power of 800. The *Assar-i-Nusret* and the *Medar-i-Zaffer* are of 1344 tons and 350 horse-power each; while the *Tevaid*, *Ismail*, *Oualir*, and *Izzedin* are rather smaller. The remaining three are the *Stamboul* (909 tons and 350 horse-power), the *Bethimo*, and the *Sureya*. All ten are paddle-yachts.

The Italian royal yacht, the *Savoia*, is remarkable for her size and power as well as for the completeness of her armament. In fact, she is more of a war-ship than a pleasure-ship. Built at Castellamare in 1883, she is a deck-protected cruiser of 2800 tons displacement and 4150 indicated horse-power. Her length is two hundred and seventy-five feet and her breadth forty-two feet. She is furnished with four two-and-a-quarter inch quick-firing guns and six machine-guns, in addition to which she carries two torpedo discharging tubes.

The *Miramar*, the principal yacht of the Austrian Emperor, was built in this country in 1872. She is a fast iron paddle-ship of 1830 tons and 2500 horse-power, and measures two hundred and sixty-nine feet by thirty-two feet. Another British-built royal yacht is the *Amphitrite*, belonging to the king of Greece. She was built eleven years ago, and is a steel paddle-ship, having a displacement of 1028 tons and an indicated horse-power of 1800.

The *Mahroussa*, owned by the Khedive of Egypt, is a yacht of imposing dimensions, but is

now sadly out of repair. She measures three hundred and sixty feet by forty-two feet; her displacement being 3142 tons and her horse-power 6400. She was launched in 1865, and used to be capable of steaming eighteen knots an hour.

The king of Denmark's yacht is the *Dannebrog*, an iron paddle-ship of 760 tons and 800 horse-power, built at Copenhagen in 1880. The *Skoldmon*, the Swedish royal yacht, was built of iron in 1868, and has a displacement of 1028 tons. The Prince of Roumania's yacht, the *Stefan cel Mare*, was built in 1866. She is an iron paddle-ship of 350 tons and 570 horse-power.

Among Asiatic potentates the king of Siam, the Mikado, the Sultan of Johore, and the Rajah of Sarawak are yacht-owners. The yacht at present used by the Mikado is the *Surin*, an iron screw-steamer of 300 tons and 270 horse-power. She was built in 1856, and will soon give place to a new and larger vessel.

#### THE FAIRIES' FLITTING.

THE Fairies are floating, flying away

From bushy rath and from grassy dell;  
From the dark rings seen on the valleys green;  
But whither they're wandering none can tell.

In the dim blue haze, from the mountain spread  
O'er river and landscape at close of day;  
Through the amber furze; o'er the shining pools,  
The fleet-footed fairy folk pass away.

In the vapour floating o'er marsh and moor,  
The bright clouds trailed o'er the mountain height;  
In the white mist-wraiths on the silent lakes,  
They've taken their noiseless, secret flight.

In the rosy dawn, in the cloudy dusk,  
They vanish, and with them the good old times;  
So we bid them farewell with regretful thoughts,  
With tender mem'ries, and gentle rhymes.

But where have they vanished? the small bright folk,  
That never at matin or vesper bell  
Have knelt down to prayer, yet were blithe and gay—  
Where have they vanished from hill and dell?

Too frail to traverse the rolling seas,  
In the billow's swell, in the tempest's roar;  
Too light to sink to the underworld,  
Where the shadows of death lie brooding o'er.

Too feeble to reach heaven's gates of gold;  
(Their wings are slight, though so light and fleet);  
They'd fail in the blue, so cold and pure,  
And find no rest for their tiny feet.

Perhaps they are still near the moated hill,  
The rank green grass, and the flower-sweet sod.  
May their sleep be soft on the earth, poor souls!  
Whose wings are too weak to ascend to God.

M. E. KENNEDY.

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